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FEEDBACK FROM A LIFELINE® GRAD

James Griggs

James Griggs attended the *LIFELINE* program in September 1991 and writes to share this experience that he had since.

This letter is to report, as best I can, an event that occurred to me during the first week of March 1992. The event is of particular interest within the context of the *LIFELINE* program.

Tuesday, March 3, 1992, 2:10 a.m.: Awoke from a sound sleep. Had gone to bed earlier, at approximately 9:00 p.m. (I arise in the morning at 4:30 a.m. to commute to work in the Washington, D.C. metro area.) Felt the need to explore.

Went to Focus 10, then floated to wherever. Once in 10, I allow myself to flow to wherever is appropriate. Focus levels are not relevant to me once achieving 10.

Found myself in a place where there were several people (well, they looked like people, four in total) in a small room talking to each other. The place resembled an earth-type environment. One person in particular caught my attention. Nothing special, just seemed familiar. As I thought about that for a while, I couldn't figure out where I had met this one before, but was sure I had.

Finally, I spoke to it (if you could call it speaking!), asking, "Don't I know you?" It responded, "Of course you do. But you'll figure that out later. In the meantime, follow me." At that time, it lifted itself off the ground, floating for a moment, before plunging into the nearest person standing in the room—merging for a moment, then exiting. Laughing at me, it encouraged me to hurry up and follow. Well, not wanting to pass up some fun, I found that in this state I could also float, then plunged myself into the next person. Oh my God! What a rush! Instantaneous flashes of clear, coherent experiential understanding of the entity's existence in physical form. I then followed the person into the remaining two persons, each with the same result.

Upon completing the third person, it plunged into me, then all four vanished, and I understood that all four were the same person, simply four different aspects. With everyone now gone, I awoke and returned to Focus 1. The time was 3:05 a.m. Was full of energy (tingly all over), feeling great, satisfied, and full of peace. Suddenly I remembered that I did not know who this person was. However, now, more than ever, I knew beyond any shadow of a doubt that I knew this person. Just couldn't place my finger on who. Also, the memories and images of the merging with the four people now were misty and vague. What was all of that about? Thought

the experience was worth recording and did so and then returned to sleep—after all, 4:30 is just around the corner. Time enough for one sleep cycle.

Work was uneventful that day, with the exception of a nagging feeling of knowing who that person was, but couldn't place who. And those images, what were they? During the experience I remember them being so clear. Then, upon waking, they seemed to be clouded in a fog. I will not say that it drove me crazy, but the experience was certainly on my mind all day.

Shortly after arriving home that evening, the phone rang. My mother called to tell me that my father had died at 7:45 a.m. (5:45 a.m. Eastern Standard Time). At that moment, the experiences in the event the night before fell into place with a solid, tight click. Of course, it was my father! I remember now! Much of the experience from the night before suddenly made a great deal of sense.

To convey the overall theme of the event from the night before: he (my father) was not as bad as I thought. There was more than met the eye. After all, this was just one of his physical experiences. Didn't I remember a few of the others as well? The jumping from body to body was a way of remembering this life, as well as three others, from a broader, greater, or different perspective. Oh, how I love different perspectives! Amazing!

Now, a bit more information about my father. He was fifty-two years old and had been in a coma for three weeks at the time of his death. As I understand it, he had a sinus infection that had migrated to his brain cavity through a hole in the sinus cavity. Although he was in poor health, he was not expected to die. I really did not know my father. It had been approximately fifteen years since I had spent any time with, or for that matter, spoken to him other than to say hello—by my choice. My father was a selfish, violent man. He had nine children from three marriages. Not one of his children (or ex-wives) had any contact with him once they reached an age/point where they could make such a decision. There is much hate in my brothers, sisters and half-brothers and -sisters toward our father. I never really hated him as the others did, but I DID NOT DESIRE to be within ten miles of him. Hate is not something that is usually part of my character.

Intellectually, I understood that, regardless of how miserable his best was, he was trying to be his best. Ouch, what a standard! Emotionally, I always simply felt relief at not being in his presence. Yes, I would have preferred to have a different relationship, but that is how it turned out. I can honestly say that I have no regrets in that regard.

As a result of this exploration session, I feel a great sense of emotional comfort that yes, even for my father, there is more to what is going on here than meets the eye. And, once again, I verified for myself that these experiences are not illusions or fantasy, that these explorations offer something of a very personal value to me. For a short period of time, I was able virtually to walk in my father's shoes—simultaneously with a "here" and "there" perspective. My life and

awareness are more complete for having had this experience. There is now closure to this portion of unsettledness in my life.

Additionally, I know/feel that these types of experiences are not simply for my benefit. That, on another level, my father had benefited as well—with full understanding of the “here” and “there” perspectives. I’ll wager that as this process taught in the *LIFELINE* program is more fully experienced and understood, we will see the benefits from this type of interaction. I feel that my small benefit is only the tip of the iceberg of what is yet to come.

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